



Miss Alice Grandy

233 Linwood

Monrovia, California

CM



JOHN ELWARD BROWN

SILOAM SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

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JOHN ELWARD BROWN
SILOAM SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

December 30, 1932

My Dear Friend:

To save expense I am printing this letter and mailing it one and one half cent postage though the letter carries the appeal of a telegram. January first the John Brown Schools of Siloam and Sulphur Springs, Arkansas, went on a rigid "pay as we go" basis, which means, the cash must come monthly to operate these great schools.

The day of the "big giver" is past. I am back to the "every-friend-help" appeal of the first days in the building of these great institutions with the three-fold training of the "Head, Heart and Hand." For thirteen years we have built here in a big way and have started blessings throughout the world, and as I see it, the future is dependent on the smaller gifts—sacrificial gifts of thousands.

We have got to have five thousand dollars for January and February of this year and that amount can be had only if every friend sends something—one dollar up to a hundred and fifty dollars! The American Wayshower, the paper of the School, is now published weekly, and the subscription is a dollar a year. My earnest heart appeal to every friend, everywhere, is a New Year's gift of one dollar for the American Wayshower, and a contribution of some amount for the first two months of the year 1933.

In every crisis our friends have responded heroically, and that same spirit of loyalty to God and devotion to this high ideal of education will keep our banners waving. Can I count on you? Thanking you, and praying this year will bring to you a measure of happiness and success, I am

Yours always in His service

John E. Brown

President John Brown Schools

JEB:MJB



ands of splendid boys and girls that are knocking at the doors of his schools and he is compelled to turn them away on account of lack of accommodations and money to care for them. California has shown a sublime example of faith and love by sending her money half across the continent to help our Boys and girls. Many of you will never see the fruits of your work. I am here to testify to you that you have builded well, and how much you have contributed to the happiness, the stability and welfare of this nation, only future generations can tell.

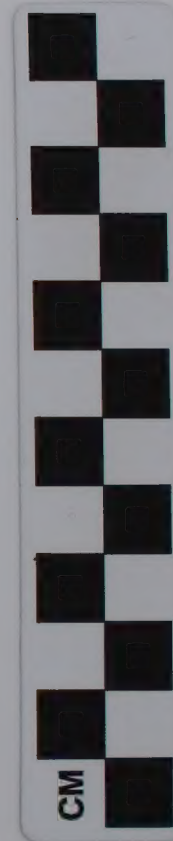
In closing, I shall carry back to Arkansas a memory of your wonderful orange groves, your beautiful homes and public buildings, but most of all a memory of your inspiring optimism and belief in the future of your state and nation, and I shall also cherish the hope that I may often return among you.

May I say for Arkansas that it is the Gateway of the middle West and over its splendid highways there shuttle to and fro thousands of bobbins of wheeled steel weaving together the warp and woof of the industrial North and the old romantic South into one beautiful pattern of which Arkansas is the central design. Why shouldn't we be proud of Arkansas with more miles of navigable rivers, second in production of rice, third in cotton, fourth in oil and first in her percentage of able and outstanding characters: Will Rogers' wife came from my own Benton County, Charles McClain, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Chase National Bank of New York, the largest in the world, Joe T. Robinson, leader of the Democratic party in the U. S. Senate, Harvy Couch, Member of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and greatest of all, John E. Brown, the Christian, the most vital spiritual force in America today. California, I challenge you to beat that if you can.

Radio Address

A talk by Senator Storm O. Whaley, of Arkansas, over a radio hook-up, KMPC, KRKD, and KREG during John E. Brown's "God's Half Hour" program.

For a few moments I wish to speak of my home country, the Ozarks of South Missouri and North Arkansas. We believe that God must have been in the most happy mood when He created the Ozarks for He placed them in the bosom of His favored America where they might become the winter refuge of the frigid northern states and the summer playground of the whole sultry south. Twenty millions of people of the middle West are within a radius of 500 miles of the Ozarks and they can truly say—Home in the morning, the Ozarks that evening. Three seasons ago, 5,000,000 visited the Ozarks of South Missouri, and North Arkansas. They did not come by chance. California has good grounds for a damage suit against the Ozarks. We borrowed from you a many million dollared idea of regional co-operation. We picked up and applied California methods. We learned from you to think in terms of a region instead of local communities. Up to fifteen years ago the towns and cities of the Ozarks had been like Rip Van Winkle, asleep for over twenty years to their wonderful possibilities; and only such strangers as by chance wandered into the region know of their peculiar beauty and all around attractiveness. About fifteen years ago these Ozark communities awakened, and like Rip Van Winkle found their old muskets of local short range advertising, lying rusted and useless by their

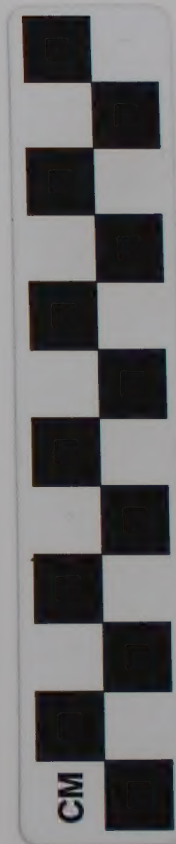


sides and realized that if the Ozarks were ever to come into their own that they must gather together their local scatter-load advertising methods and mold them into big bertha bullets of studied Ozark regional advertising and aim those projectiles with care and precision at distant targets of large population and create there centers of Ozarks contagion that could only be cured by a trip to our wonderful region. Out of this awakening came into being the Ozark Playground Association consisting of 60 towns and cities of South Missouri and North Arkansas. Thus a new name was added to the resort directories of America, and a new term written into the health lexicons of the nation, and that name and term is the word "Ozarks." Our slogan, "The Land of a Million Smiles," tells in a single sentence the open-handed, wholehearted old fashioned Southern hospitality that always awaits the stranger there.

No season is more beautiful than an Ozark autumn. Our heavily wooded slopes, with a wide variety of trees offer a wonderful canvas for Mother Nature and her dashing companion Jack Frost to produce the greatest earthly tapestry. Here in the fall wild Jack Frost seizes a comets tail as a brush; dips in on the palette of a many colored Ozark Sunset and in wild abandon splashes the Ozark hillsides with a riot of color that would drive a painter mad with envy. I originated the Ozarks Flaming Fall Revue, a festival to bring to the attention of the Middle West the beauties of the Ozark Autumns. California has her gorgeous orange blossom festival and other sections their peach, apple and cherry blossom celebrations, but they all come from the effort and arrangement of man. Old Mother Nature yearly stages a show in the Ozarks that makes all of man's decorations seem insignificant.

upon the campus of the John Brown Schools, is an ever present reminder of your faith in John Brown and his ideals. And the young lives that are yearly housed and molded by it are an everlasting benediction to you and your loved ones, far greater than if you erected a tomb that overshadowed the pyramids of the Pharoahs. For you are dealing in eternal elements and no man can tell what is locked up in the most unpromising of these children.

I think my trip across the continent well repaid in having this opportunity to express to you our appreciation for the aid and encouragement you have given our children. You have made it possible for these Ozark mountain children to have an education when all other doors are closed to them. I am proud and pleased to come out here to join with you in honoring John E. Brown. We love him because his heart is pure and his hands are clean. I have known him 30 years. Never has the honesty, morality or truthfulness of John Brown been questioned even by those who differed with him over creeds and doctrines. He is a lighthouse of Christian faith in the Ozarks and in these distressing times that have tried men's souls, and in this period when man's faith in man has been shaken as never before in our generation, our people have peered through these mists of doubt and disappointment and cried out "Thank God, John Brown's faith and works shine through it all." I consider John E. Brown one of the country's most pathetic figures; Lincoln-like in his towering isolation and greatness, and with that tinge of sadness that is in the heart of all the truly great when they realize how short are their years and how much is yet to be done, to make their visions come true. Is it surprising that John E. Brown is a flaming sword among men when he hears the piteous appeals of thousands?



the doors of our modern colleges the demands and expectations of a long suffering parenthood—that their institutions turn back to us our boys and girls with a respect for law and constituted authority, with an appreciation of the sacrifices of their parents, with a reverence for God, and a right attitude toward the church life of our generation.

He has so deeply touched the educational thought of one of our neighboring commonwealths that the Governor of that state called in the heads of all the schools and the entire legislature and told them that John Brown College was turning out the type of young people he desired.

And yearly, there is a pilgrimage made from that state to John Brown College by student bodies and faculties. It has become a Mecca for those who believe that the boy and girl of today is just as true and wholesome as ever if you give them the right kind of ideals and a clean natural environment. Last week one of your California citizens who has materially helped the schools came on a visit, just to see for himself. Several boys were digging a large basin with pick and shovel, it was hard, tiresome, wet work. He stood around seemingly unmindful of what was going on. He afterwards said, "I was amazed at the happy willing, orderly attitude of the boys—never an oath, a dirty story, a cigarette or a desire to shirk. Everybody ready and pleased to take his turn. It has renewed my faith in the youth of today. The money I have put into it is my most satisfactory investment."

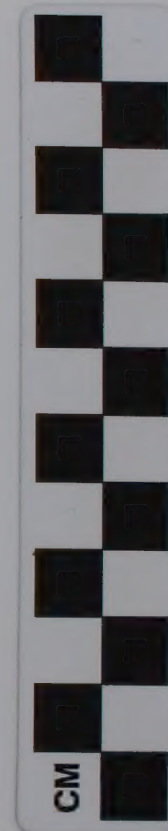
Pardon my reference to my family: by years of judicious saving I am able to send my 16 year old red-headed boy to any college I choose. I told John Brown I wanted him in his college if I had to blast him in. He went last year. He worked four hours a

day at different vocations, often helping pour cement, running the engine of the electric plant or anywhere they placed him. On one of his visits home he opened his hand and showed me some callouses he had made by working with a pick and shovel in a ditch. There swept over me a feeling of thankfulness that this boy was proud of his work and believed in the dignity of labor. I told him I was more proud of that calloused hand than of any fraternity pin or football honor he might have brought home with him. That gives you a slant on the school spirit of the John Brown Schools.

There are no fraternities or sororities; regardless of whose son or daughter they may be, they are all subject to the same rules and share in the same tasks.

And here I wish to pay a tribute to the splendid family of John E. Brown. God has blessed him with a wonderful family of girls and a real wholesome boy, Buddy. Mrs. Brown is the type of woman that the world is needing today. One that makes her family and her loved ones the center of her life. In her quiet restful, retiring way Mrs. Brown has been a wonderful help to John E. Brown. Their girls have been subject to the same rules; worked at the same jobs as the other students. Virginia, now married, formerly worked long hours in the laundry and also worked in and later managed the kitchen and dining room of the college. No white collared jobs for the Brown children. Helen, who has passed on, was afire with the plans and aims of the school. All of the children are worthy of their unselfish parents and all are giving their lives and efforts to the school.

In all my thirty years of acquaintance with John E. Brown, I have but one criticism to make of him. We fish-eyed bankers



believe that a man should well provide for his family. If John Brown died tonight his family would have only a few thousand dollars in life insurance and I personally know at one time he borrowed every dollar he could on his policies to help the school in a pinch. Every dollar he has earned, every dollar that is given him goes into the school corporation and at his death the splendid young men and women he has trained will carry on his great work. John E. Brown has used his same great vision in providing for the future of the schools that he has the past and present. The work he has started is too big and too important to die. It will live on so long as men love wholesome and Christian ideals.

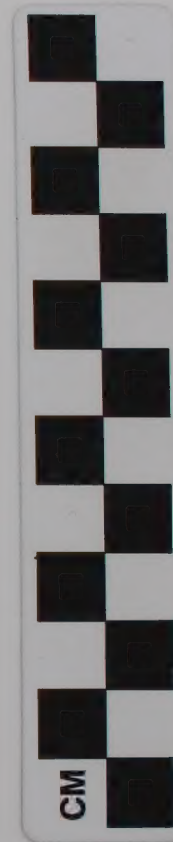
Some years ago a committee of bankers was invited in by Mr. Brown to study his school's financial system, impartially, and from the standpoint of those who had invested money in the bonds of the schools. We found that he was meeting every obligation due, conducting his schools on a sound economical basis, and getting more for his dollar than any educational plant of which we had any knowledge. May I say here that the John Brown Schools indebtedness is far below that of other years. He has a loyal, able body of instructors who have their souls in the work and are willing to make sacrifices to meet present conditions. They, along with his family of able and devoted children will carry on this school when "John Brown's body lies moldering in the ground."

To the generous people of California in behalf of the clean upstanding youth of the Ozark Hills, I wish to express the deep appreciation for the opportunity you have given them to secure a useful, practical education and a sane view of life. The splendid California Building which stands

nificant. Every Ozark Highway is a box seat and the stage reaches as far as eye can fathom. This beautiful coloring of foliage lasts about fifteen days. The time varies each season, so we cannot announce far ahead the date of the Revue. It is very fitting this first year of the "Flaming Fall Revue" that I should release the date from your good state from which we have borrowed so many splendid tourists and resort ideas. Therefore, I am now announcing the dates of the first Flaming Fall Revue of the Ozarks shall be from October 15 to November. This date will be released by the press of my region to the Middle West.

However the greatest pleasure and the real purpose of my talk today is to thank the people of California and may I say to compliment you upon your appreciation and correct measurement of the greatest man of the Ozarks region, John E. Brown of Arkansas. Some thirty years ago one summer evening, there walked into the town of Rogers Arkansas from a neighboring lime kiln, a tall, gaunt, awkward boy. A little band of Salvation Army workers were holding their services in the streets. They were singing the songs this lonesome lad had heard his Quaker grandmother sing back in his old home. He was homesick and deeply moved by the simple service. He came forward and accepted Christ and joined the little band. That boy was John E. Brown, the founder and President of the John Brown Schools of Siloam Springs, Arkansas.

Victor Hugo said that the Battle of Waterloo depended upon the shake of a peasant's head. We may as truly say that a plaintive Salvation Army song, in a little Arkansas town fired the soul of a boy who has changed the educational ideas of a nation. For John E. Brown is a modern Martin Luther who has dared to nail upon



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